

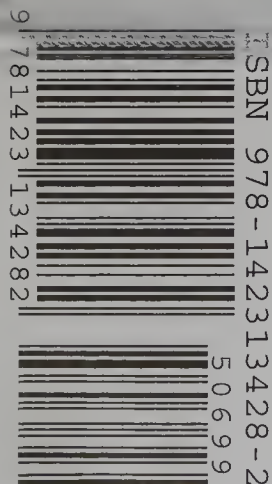
Read-Along

STORYBOOK AND CD

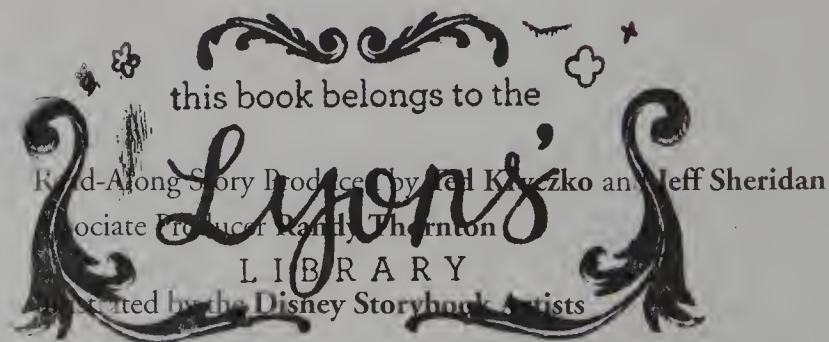




Narrator: **Cindy Robinson**
 Featuring the voice talents of:
 Cogsworth: **David Ogden Stiers**
 Belle: **Paige O'Hara**
 Lumiere: **Jerry Orbach**
 Beast: **Robby Benson**
 Chip: **Haley Joel Osment**
 Forte: **Tim Curry**
 Fife: **Paul Ruebens**
 Phillippe: **Frank Welker**



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Read-Along

STORYBOOK AND CD



This is the story of *Beauty and the Beast:*
The Enchanted Christmas.

You can read along with me in your book.
You will know it is time to turn the page
when you hear a chime like this. . . .

Let's begin now.

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One cold December morning, Belle looked out the castle window at the snow-covered trees. Christmas would be here soon, and she wished she could be home with her father. But she was a prisoner in the Beast's castle, and she was forbidden to leave the grounds.

Then Belle had an idea. She could celebrate Christmas at the castle with her new friends!



Chip the teacup was excited, but Cogsworth the mantel clock was not. "Out of the question! The master has forbidden Christmas."

Belle couldn't believe it. "No one can forbid Christmas! I, for one, think a little Christmas cheer would do him some good."

Lumiere the candelabrum agreed. "The girl is right. It is up to us to do something."



Cogsworth was still unsure about this plan, but as soon as Belle mentioned Christmas pudding, he changed his mind. He followed Belle, Lumiere, and the others to the attic. There, they found the Christmas decorations that had been locked away.

Angelique the tree-topper rushed over to Lumiere. She was thrilled to see her friends again! Lumiere happily swung her about.





The exciting news traveled quickly. The Beast was sitting by the fire with Forte the pipe organ when he found out. Forte was the only one who understood how upset the Beast had been since a spell had been placed on the castle.

The Beast growled with anger. "I hate Christmas."



The Beast had once been a handsome prince, but one day he had been put under a curse by an evil enchantress. She had turned him into a beast and his servants into household objects. Only true love could break the spell.

Before the curse, Forte had been the court composer. He always played very dreary music and wasn't nice to the other servants. Still, they would listen politely.

Now that the Beast was unhappy, Forte could play sad songs all the time while the Beast sat with him.



Meanwhile, Belle and her friends started to plan their celebration. They began by making a whimsical Christmas tree out of kitchenware!

Chip could hardly contain his excitement. "We're going to have the greatest Christmas ever!"

With the help of the enchanted objects, Belle hung ornaments around the castle. It was finally starting to look and feel a little more like Christmas.







Next, it was time to find a Yule log. Belle went to the boiler room and looked around. Finally, she found one she liked. She was just about to head back upstairs when . . .

The Beast stormed in! He swatted the log out of her hands.

Belle stepped back, surprised. "It's a Yule log. It's a wonderful tradition. Everyone in the house touches it and makes a Christmas wish."

"There will be no Christmas. I am the master here!" The Beast stormed out of the room.



Belle was upset, but she was determined to give the Beast a proper Christmas. The next morning, she, Chip, and Sultan the footstool set out to find a tree. They were looking for one that was tall and wide. But all the trees near the castle were too small.

After much searching, Belle decided to bring back one of the small trees. It would have to do since they couldn't find anything else.





When Belle returned to the castle, she heard Forte playing music. She went to see him.

Forte didn't like Belle. He wanted to get rid of her because he was worried that she would bring the Beast true love and the curse on the castle would be lifted. Then the Beast wouldn't spend time with Forte, listening to his sad songs.

Belle told the organ that she wished she could find the perfect tree to decorate. Forte suggested that she go into the Black Forest—even though he knew it wasn't safe.





Belle had promised the Beast she wouldn't leave the castle grounds, but she thought a festive Christmas tree would cheer him up. So she agreed to go into the forest and soon set off with Chip in her sleigh.

After she left, Forte turned to Fife the flute. "Fife! I want you to follow her. Make sure they don't come back."





A little later, the Beast began to look around the castle for Belle. He couldn't find her anywhere. He looked in his enchanted mirror. "Show me the girl!" In the mirror, he saw Belle riding through the forest. He was furious.

Forte tried to convince the Beast that he was better off without Belle, but it was no use. The Beast went after her, determined to bring her back.



In the Black Forest, Belle and Chip found the perfect tree. Belle was delighted. She took out an axe and chopped it down.

“Timber!”

The two friends tied the tree to the back of the sleigh with a rope, and then headed off. They didn’t see Fife lurking nearby.

Suddenly, Fife made a high-pitched sound. Belle's horse, Phillipe, reared back in fear as the sleigh crossed a frozen pond. Then Phillipe broke loose from the sleigh. The ice began to crack!



Belle gasped as the teacup and the tree fell into the water. "Chip!"
She took a deep breath and dove in. She searched frantically for Chip.
Finally she grabbed hold of him.





Belle swam to the surface. Just then, Cogsworth and Lumiere arrived—they had been looking all over for her and Chip!

Belle put the little teacup safely on land. But she had gotten tangled up in the rope attached to the tree. All of a sudden, she was pulled back under the water!



At that moment, the Beast arrived. He roared with fury, and then jumped into the water.

The enchanted objects waited nervously on land.

Belle was sinking fast, but the Beast swam as hard as he could and saved her just in time!





The Beast brought Belle back to the castle. When they returned, he locked her in the dark, cold dungeon. "You said you'd never leave."

Belle sat huddled against the wall. "I wasn't trying to leave. I just wanted to make you happy."

But the Beast wouldn't listen. "You broke your word. And for that, you will rot in this dungeon forever!" Then he slammed the door behind him.

Belle cried quietly. "I should have known you'd never be anything but a beast."





Angrily, the Beast returned to his room. When he walked in, he discovered a gift that Belle had left there earlier. He sat next to Forte and opened the gift. It was a book Belle had written just for him!

The Beast read the story and realized that Belle had seen through his sadness and anger. She knew that deep down, he was good.

The Beast stood up and ran to the dungeon. He unlocked the door and walked inside, holding the book. "Uh, Belle, can you forgive me?"

Belle smiled. "Of course. Merry Christmas!"

All the enchanted objects cheered.



But Forte was not pleased. “So Beast gets girl, and it’s a happy ending for everyone. Enchantment lifted, and Forte fades into the background. No longer important, no longer needed . . . I think *not!*”





The jealous organ blasted his music throughout the castle. The walls shook and windows shattered. Belle and the enchanted objects were frightened as the castle floor split. Luckily, Belle managed to find a piece of wood to make a bridge. She led everyone to safety.

The Beast ran into Forte's chamber. "Forte! Enough!"

But the organ wouldn't listen. He kept playing. "Is this happy enough for you, Master?"

All the walls were crumbling down around the Beast. Finally, he did the only thing he could: he smashed Forte's keyboard. The music ended.

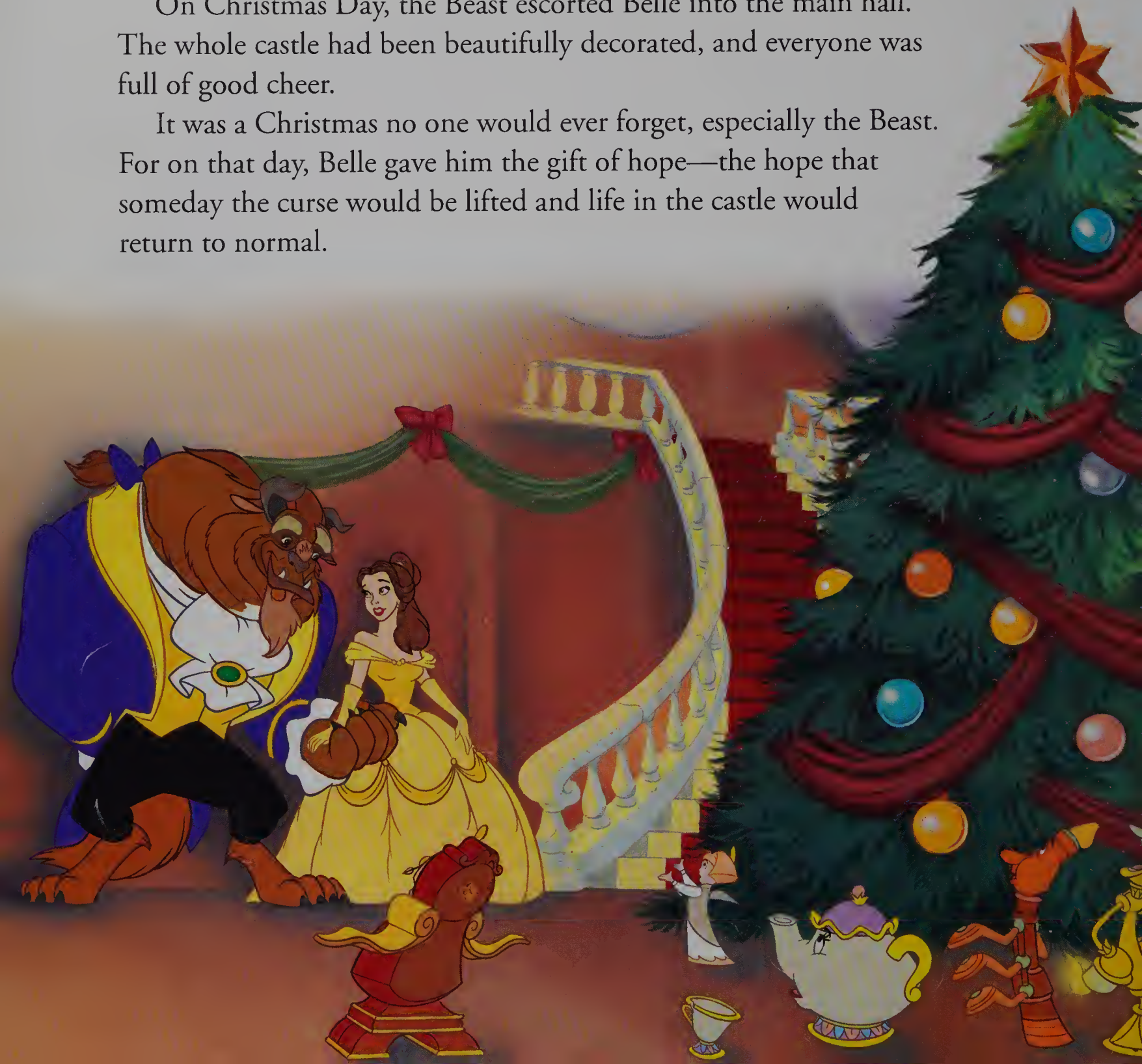




Forte tried to play his notes, but no sound came out. He angrily tore himself away from the wall. Then the evil organ crumbled and broke into many pieces, never to play again. Now the castle could be filled with happy music.

On Christmas Day, the Beast escorted Belle into the main hall. The whole castle had been beautifully decorated, and everyone was full of good cheer.

It was a Christmas no one would ever forget, especially the Beast. For on that day, Belle gave him the gift of hope—the hope that someday the curse would be lifted and life in the castle would return to normal.



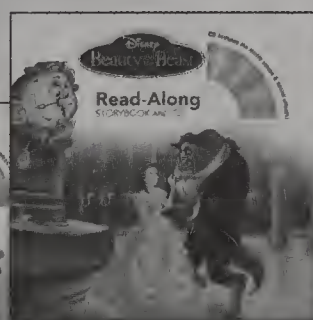
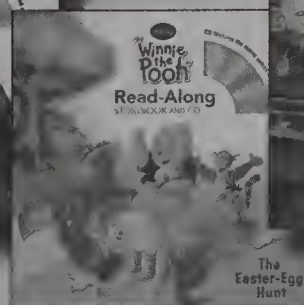
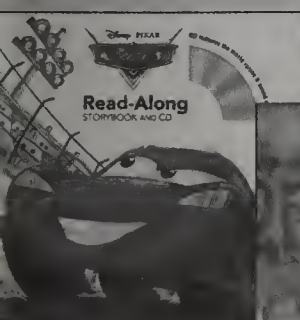


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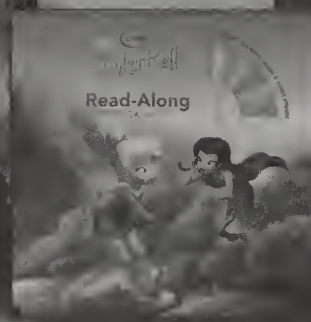
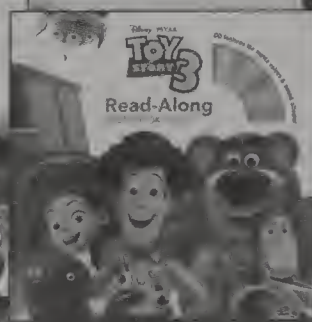
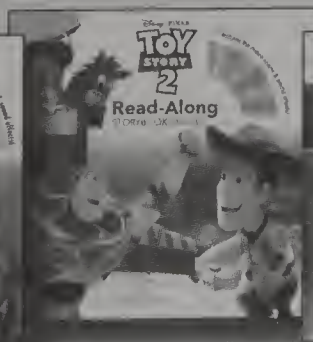
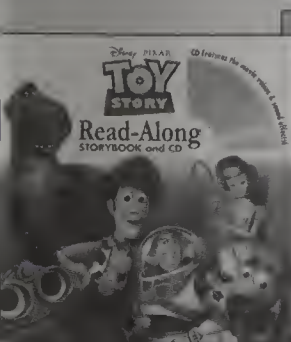
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